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Based on characters and concepts created by Glen Larson for the television series Battlestar Galactica TM

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA



THERE IS NO COMPARISON



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There are those who believe life here began out there, far across the universe, with tribes of humans who may have been the forefathers of the Egyptians, Or the Toltecs. Or the Mayans. Some believe there may yet be brothers of man who even now fight to survive somewhere beyond the heavens!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

Based on the television series Battlestar Galactica™ written and created by Glen Larson

**ROGER
MCKENZIE**
SCRIPT/CO-PLOTTER

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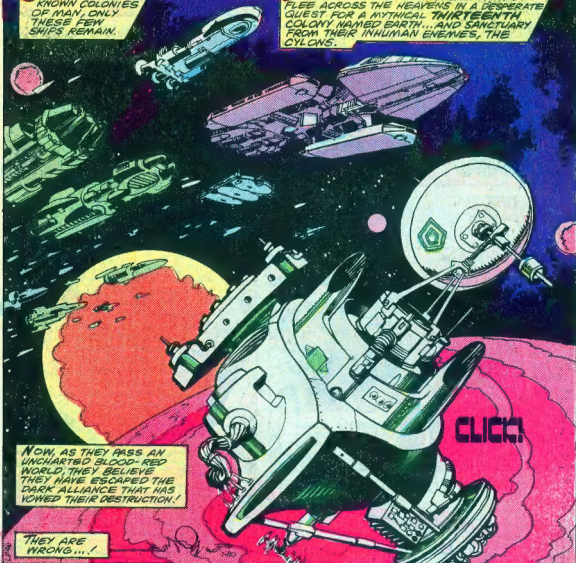
**JIM
SHOOTER**
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

AND A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF FELGERCARE! TO **BIONIC BOB LAYTON** FOR ASSISTANCE ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

BERSERKER

OF THE TWELVE
KNOWN COLONIES
OF MAN, ONLY
THESE FEW
SHIPS REMAIN.

LED BY THE BATTLESTAR GALACTICA THEY
FLEE ACROSS THE HEAVENS IN A DESPERATE
QUEST FOR A MYTHICAL THIRTEENTH
COLONY NAMED EARTH...AND SANCTUARY
FROM THEIR INHUMAN ENEMIES, THE
CYLONS.



NOW, AS THEY PASS AN
UNCHARTED BLOOD-RED
WORLD, THEY BELIEVE
THEY HAVE ESCAPED THE
DARK ALLIANCE THAT HAS
VOWED THEIR DESTRUCTION!

THEY ARE
WRONG!!!

CLICK!

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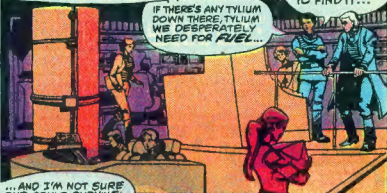


COLONEL TISH,
DO YOU THINK
THAT PLANET'S
THE ANSWER
TO OUR FUEL
PROBLEMS?

A
DANGER-
OUS ONE
AT BEST,
COMMANDER.
AT WORST,
WELL...

...THAT PLANET'S NOTHING BUT ONE
HUGE ACTIVE VOLCANO, IMPOSSIBLE
FOR OUR SENSORS TO SCAN.

...IT'LL TAKE A
SURVEY PARTY OF
GEOLOGISTS
TO FIND IT...

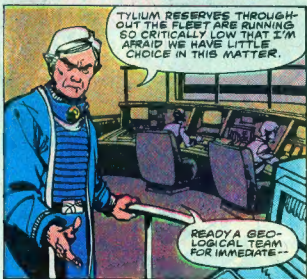


IF THERE'S ANY TYLIUM
DOWN THERE, TYLIUM
WE DESPERATELY
NEED FOR FUEL...

...AND I'M NOT SURE
ONE COULD SURVIVE
LONG ON THAT ALIEN
HELLHOLE.

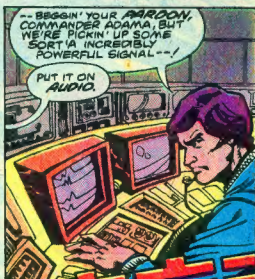


THERE IS
ONE THING
I'M SURE
OF, COLONEL.
WITHOUT FUEL,
NONE OF US
WILL SURVIVE
MUCH LONGER.



TYLIUM RESERVES THROUGH-
OUT THE FLEET ARE RUNNING
SO CRITICALLY LOW THAT I'M
AFRAID WE HAVE LITTLE
CHOICE IN THIS MATTER.

READY A GEO-
LOGICAL TEAM
FOR IMMEDIATE--



--BEGINN' YOUR BARDON,
COMMANDER ADAMA, BUT
WE'RE PICKIN' UP SOME
SORT 'A INCREDIBLY
POWERFUL SIGNAL--/

PUT IT ON
AUDIO.

STATIONARY



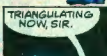
LORDS OF KOBO!
WE'VE TRIPPED A
CYLON INTRUDER
ALARM!
COMMUNICATIONS--
JAM THAT SIGNAL,
IT'S BROADCASTING
OUR LOCATION!

IF WE CAN'T STOP
THAT TRANSMISSION,
WE'LL HAVE EVERY
ALLIANCE SHIP THIS
SIDE OF THE GALAXY
BREATHING DOWN
OUR NECKS!

AYE,
COMMANDER!

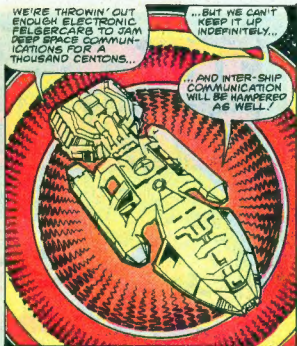


ORIGIN OF
SIGNAL?



TRIANGULATING
NOW, SIR.

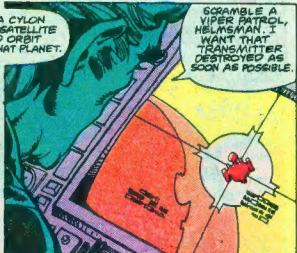
THERE! A CYLON
TRACKING SATELLITE
IN FIXED ORBIT
AROUND THAT PLANET.



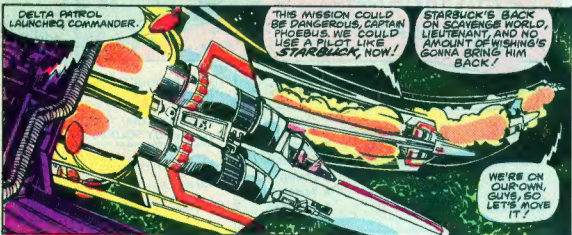
WE'RE THROWIN' OUT
ENOUGH ELECTRONIC
FELGERCARB TO JAM
DEEP SPACE COMMUN-
ICATIONS FOR A
THOUSAND CENTONS...

...BUT WE CAN'T
KEEP IT UP
INDEFINITELY...

...AND INTER-SHIP
COMMUNICATION
WILL BE HAMPERED
AS WELL!



SCRAMBLE A
VIPER PATROL,
HELMSMAN. I
WANT THAT
TRANSMITTER
DESTROYED AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE.



DELTA PATROL
LAUNCHED, COMMANDER.

THIS MISSION COULD
BE DANGEROUS, CAPTAIN
PHOEBUS. WE COULD
USE A PILOT LIKE
STARBUCK, NOW!

STARBUCK'S BACK
ON SCAVENGE WORLD,
LIEUTENANT, AND NO
AMOUNT OF WISHING'S
GONNA BRING HIM
BACK!

WE'RE ON
OUR OWN,
GUYS, SO
LET'S MOVE
IT!

THIRTY CENTONS LATER...

VISUAL
CONTACT
CONFIRMED,
CAPTAIN.

BEGINNING
FINAL RUN.

SIR, THIS IS ALMOST
TOO EASY--

--LIKE THE
CYLONS WANT
US TO BLOW
THAT SUCKER TO KINGDOM
COME!

I'VE BEEN
THINKING THE
SAME THING!
HOLD YOUR
FIRE, MEN.

SWITCH TO
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC
SCAN.

TRANSFERRING TO E-M SCAN,
CAP'N. UH, OH... WE GOT
TROUBLE...

BIG TROUBLE, LIEUTENANT.
IF THESE READOUTS ARE
CORRECT, THAT SATELLITE'S
PSITRONICALLY LINKED TO AN
EXPLOSIVE CHARGE SET DEEP
WITHIN THE PLANET ITSELF.

IF WE DESTROY THE
SATELLITE, WE BLOW
THE PLANET SKY
HIGH AND THE SUB-
SPACE DISRUPTIONS
WILL TELL THE
CYLONS WE'RE
HERE, ANYWAY.

WE'LL NEED A TEAM
OF DEMOLITION
EXPERTS TO
DISENGAGE THE
LINK-UP BEFORE
WE CAN FINISH
OUR MISSION.

LIEUTENANT,
GET BACK
TO THE
GALACTICA--

I'M ON MY
WAY, SIR!

--TELL THEM TO
GET A BOMB-
SQUAD HERE FAST.

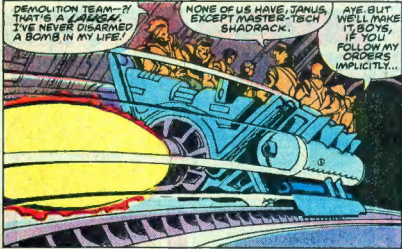
CAP'N, SCANNER'S HAVE JUST
PICKED UP A SHIP LEAVING
PLANETSIDE AND HEADING
THIS WAY FAST...

...WARBOOK
COMPUTER
CAN'T
IDENTIFY IT.

OKAY, YOU
GUYS, LET'S
INTERCEPT
THAT BOGIE!

A FEW CENTONS
LATER, ABOARD
THE GALACTICA...

DEMOLITION
TEAM, REPORT
TO LAUNCH BAY
BETA ON THE
DOUBLE!



DEMOLITION TEAM--? THAT'S A LAUGH. I'VE NEVER DISARMED A BOMB IN MY LIFE!

NONE OF US HAVE, JANUS, EXCEPT MASTER-TECH SHADRACK.

AYE. BUT WE'LL MAKE IT, BOYS, IF YOU FOLLOW MY ORDERS IMPLICITLY...



...THERE WILL BE NO ROOM FOR ERROR OUT THERE.



I JUST WISH THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR ME IN THIS SHUTTLE!

YOU'RE THE BEST WE'VE GOT, ENSIGN. NOW, LET'S GO!



CORE SYSTEM TRANSFERRING CONTROL TO TECH-SHUTTLE MOONDOG. LAUNCH WHEN READY.



COMMANDER, I'D LIKE TO FLY ESCORT FOR SHADRACK. IF HE RUNS INTO TROUBLE, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO CONTACT THE GALACTICA DIRECTLY THROUGH OUR JAMMING!



ALL RIGHT, APOLLO/ ENSIGN, ALERT THE SHUTTLE.

TOO LATE, COMMANDER! SHUTTLE'S ALREADY LAUNCHED.



APOLLO--

ON MY WAY, FATHER!



EPSILON PATROL LAUNCHING, COMMANDER. ESTIMATED RENDEZVOUS WITH TECH-SHUTTLE AT CO-ORDINATES SEVEN-SIXTY-THREE MARK NINER.

FORM ON ME, EPSILON, AND STICK LIKE PLEDOS ON A DAGGIT'S BACK!



WITH YOU... SKRIKK... FOR THE DURATION... SKRIKK... APOLLO.

BUT TRANSMISSION'S... SKRIKK... HARD TO COPY... SKRIKK... TOO MUCH STATIC...

CAN'T BE HELPED, WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT THE SHUTTLE WHATEVER THE COST!



THERE'S THE SATELLITE, SHADRACK... WHERE'S DELTA PATROL?

MAYBE THEY'RE ON A WIDE SWEEP.



LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH. I--

--SHADRACK! THERE'S A SHIP ON OUR SCANNERS, CLOSIN' FAST--!

--AND IT'S NOT ONE OF OURS!



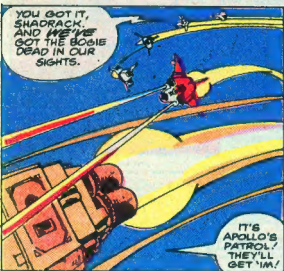
SH-SHADRACK, I THOUGHT THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AN UN-MANNED CYLON LISTENING POST--!

ENSIGN, THAT SHIP'S NOT LIKE ANY CYLON VESSEL I'VE EVER SEEN--



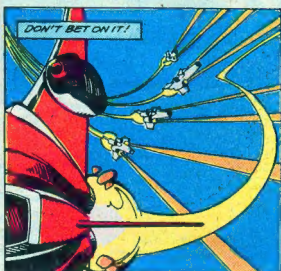
--BUT IT'S SURE AS FRAK THICE AS DEADLY! FULL EVASIVE TACTICS FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH!

WE CAN'T EVEN CONTACT THE GALACTICA THROUGH THE JAMMING! AND WE NEED HELP--FAST!



YOU GOT IT, SHADRACK, AND WE'VE GOT THE BOGIE DEAD IN OUR SIGHTS.

IT'S APOLLO'S PATROL! THEY'LL GET 'IM!



DON'T BET ON IT!



THE BOGIE'S AERIAL MANEUVER IS NOTHING SHORT OF SPECTACULAR.

AND MURDEROUS.

MY STARBOARD ENGINE'S DISABLED, CAPN APOLLO. I'M GOING DOWN.

RISE IT OUT, LIEUTENANT. WE'RE FOLLOWING YOU PLANET-SIDE!

WHILE ABOARD THE SHUTTLE...

ALL RIGHT, CAP'N APOLLO BOUGHT US SOME TIME.

LET'S PUT IT TO GOOD USE AND SHUT THIS SATELLITE DOWN.

YEAH, BUT SO'S THE BOGIE. AND HE'S FLYIN' RINGS AROUND US.

I THINK WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO DELTA PATROL NOW, CAP'N.

THE BOGIE'S LEVELING OFF EPSILON. CLOSE TO ONE THIRD AND SURROUND HIM.

BUT BE CAREFUL. THAT SHIP MAY BE EQUIPPED WITH--

--REAR MOUNTED LASER TURRETS!

CAP'N! HE JUST GOT HANNIBAL!

WHAT'S FLYIN' THAT SHIP, ANYHOW? A DEMON?

MEANWHILE...

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS. THE LOUSY SATELLITE'S GOT AN INTERNAL INTEGRITY BYPASS SYSTEM LINKED TO BOTH MAJOR GENERATORS!

AN INTERNAL *WHAT* SHADRACK?

BOOBYTRAPS, ENSIGN. BOOBYTRAPS.

THERE SHOULD BE ANOTHER AUXILIARY CONTROL IDENTICAL TO THIS ONE TO YOUR LEFT, FIND IT.

FOUND IT. NOW WHAT?

NOW YOU DO *WHAT* I TELL YOU. *WHEN* I TELL YOU. POWER TO THESE UNITS HAS TO BE SHUT DOWN SIMULTANEOUSLY.

THERE SHOULD BE FOUR BACK-OFF BOLTS HOLDING DOWN THE FACE-PLATE.

NOW, BEGINNING WITH THE LOWER LEFT-HAND BOLT--

ELSEWHERE...

PULL UP, LIEUTENANT! WE'RE TOO LOW! HE'S USING THE TERRAIN FOR COVER AND WE CAN'T BEAT HIM HERE!

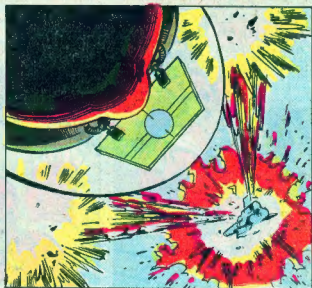
SKRIKK...!

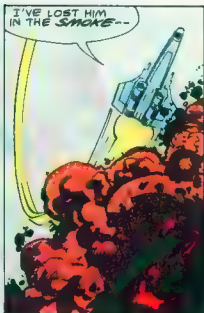
HE'S TOO FAST, TOO MANEUVERABLE!

CAPTAIN, WHOEVER OR WHATEVER THAT GUY IS, HE TOOK US BY SURPRISE BEFORE. THAT WON'T HAPPEN AGA--

SKRIKK...!

UH, OH!





AS APOLLO WEAVES DESPERATELY...

THAT BOGIE'S
CLOSING IN
FOR THE
KILL!

GOTTA
THINK
FAST!

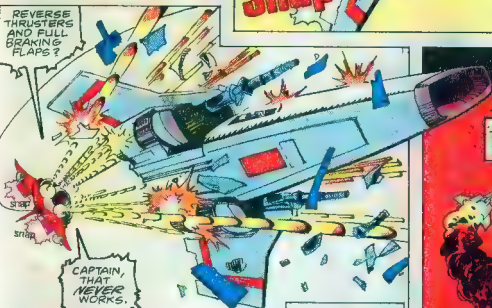
I'LL GET HIM TO
OVERSHOOT ME, THEN
NAIL HIM. I'LL
HIT MY REVERSE
THRUSTERS AND
FULL BRAKING
FLAPS.

THAT
ALWAYS
WORKS.

SNAP

SNAP

REVERSE
THRUSTERS
AND FULL
BRAKING
FLAPS?



... MAY BE
THE LAST
APOLLO
EVER HEARS.

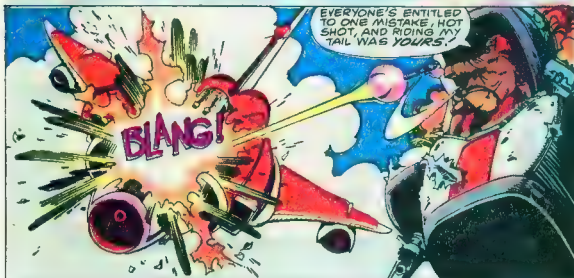
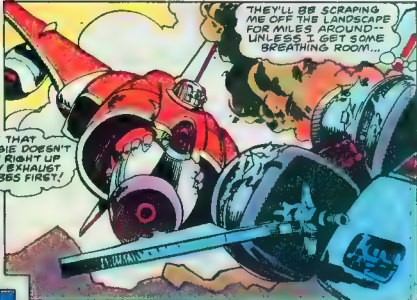
AND THE BOGIE'S
FIRST WORDS...

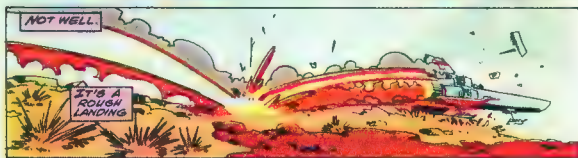
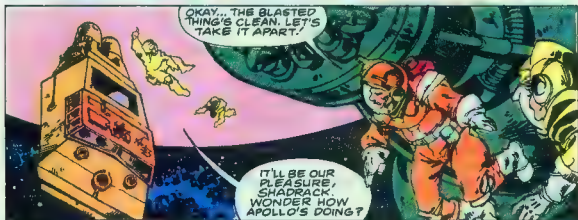
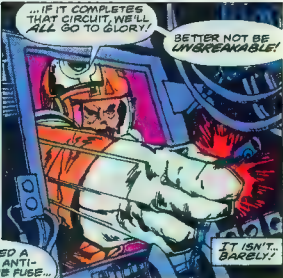
WHILE ABOVE

JANUS!

NOTHING WE
CAN DO FOR
HIM NOW,
ENSIGN.

... EXCEPT FINISH
THE WORK HE
STARTED. YOU'LL FIND A
SOLAR PANEL CIRCUIT SET
TO THE RIGHT OF...





LOOKS LIKE A
STAND-OFF SO
FAR, WE BOTH
CRASHED. I
WONDER IF...



BUT APOLLO DOESN'T HAVE
LONG TO WONDER, FOR
SOMETHING STIRS IN THE
WRECKAGE OF THE ALIEN
SHIP.



I SALUTE
YOU, CAPTAIN.

NEVER
BEFORE HAS
ONE OF THE
IMPERATORS
BEEN BROUGHT
DOWN.

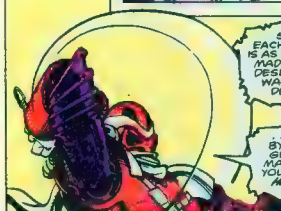
IT WOULD SEEM
YOU ARE A WORTHY
ADVERSARY...

...DESPITE THE
FACT THAT YOU
ARE NO MORE
THAN HUMAN.

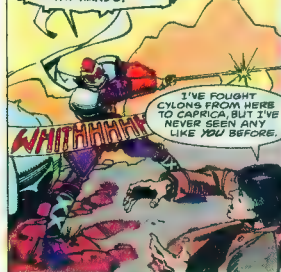


STILL,
EACH OF US
IS AS HE WAS
MADE. YOU
DESERVE A
WARRIOR'S
DEATH

...AND
BY THE
GREAT
MACHINE,
YOU SHALL
HAVE
IT!



THAT IS THE LEAST I CAN DO,
CAPTAIN, SINCE YOU HAVE SO
VERY GRACIOUSLY DELIVERED
THE CYLON EMPIRE INTO
MY HANDS.



I'VE FOUGHT
CYLONS FROM HERE
TO CAPRICA, BUT I'VE
NEVER SEEN ANY
LIKE YOU BEFORE.

THERE ARE SEVEN SUCH AS I, PROTOTYPES
OF THE MARK III IMPERATOR SERIES, EXILED TO
LISTENING POSTS AT THE EMPIRE'S PERIMETER.



DO TELL!

WE WERE
CREATED WITH
MINDS OF STEEL
AND THE BODIES
OF WARRIORS, BUT
WE WERE HARDER
THAN ONE AND
MORE AMBITIOUS
THAN THE OTHER.

AND THEY
COULD NOT
UNMAKE US.

THE IMPERIOUS LEADERS
FEARED US, CAPTAIN. SO
WE WERE MARCOONED
WITHOUT LIGHTSPEED
CRAFT, BEYOND HOPE
OF RETURNING.

WE HAVE BEEN
WAITING A THOUSAND
YAHRENS FOR ONE
OF US TO SNARE A
FASTER-THAN-LIGHT
SHIP LIKE YOURS,
TO RETURN US TO
CYLON...AND OUR
DESTINY.

RUN IF
YOU WANT TO.
YOU WON'T RUN
FAR, AND YOU
WILL NOT ESCAPE
ME.

UNFORTUNATELY THAT
IRON CLAD KILLER'S
RIGHT. IT'S TOO HOT
HERE. THE AIR'S TOO
THIN. I'M WINDED
ALREADY...

...AND WITH
THE GALACTICA
JAMMING ALL
TRANSMISSIONS,
I CAN'T CALL
FOR HELP!

FRAK! DEAD
END, AND THAT
CYLON BERSERKER'S
RIGHT BEHIND ME.
I'M TRAPPED.

FAREWELL, CAPTAIN. OUR
DESTINIES AWAIT, MINE,
TO RULE AN EMPIRE.

THE EMPEROR LASHES
OUT SAVAGELY, SHATTERING
THE LIP OF THE LAVA-FILLED
CRATER...

YOURS...
TO DIE!

SLASH!

YOU CONTINUE
TO AMAZE ME,
CAPTAIN.

YOU WANT ME,
TINMAN, YOU COME
AND GET ME.

OH, GREAT...JUST GREAT!
I EMPTIED MY LASER WHEN
I BLEW AWAY THE CYLON'S
COCKPIT.

MY SENSORS INDICATE
YOU STILL LIVE, BUT
THAT IS A SITUATION
I WILL SOON REMEDY.

IF I DON'T
GET TRICKY FAST, MY
BIOGRAPHY'S GOING TO
MAKE SHORT READING!

MAYBE I
CAN STILL PUT
MY LASER TO
GOOD USE!

FIRST I'LL
UNRAVEL
THE CORE
ELEMENT
COIL...



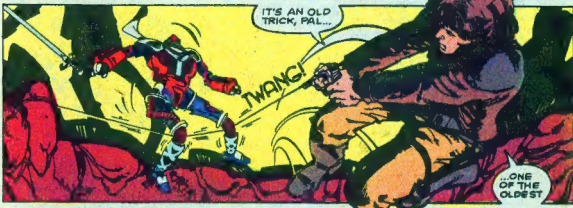
SECURE
IT TO THIS
CHUNK OF
ROCK...



...THEN
GO INTO
MY LAME
DUCK ACT.

GIVE UP,
CAPTAIN!
THERE IS
NOWHERE
LEFT FOR
YOU TO
RUN.

IT'S AN OLD
TRICK, PAL...

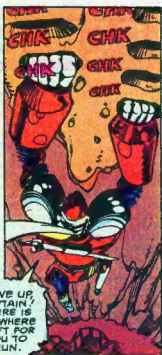


...ONE
OF THE
OLDEST



BUT
THIS
TRICK
ALWAYS
WORKS!

THANK
THAT
GOOD!



ESPECIALLY SINCE
YOU SEEM TO HAVE
INJURED YOUR LEG.





EPILOGUE

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AFTER THE COLONIAL FLEET HAS MINED ENOUGH TYLIUM TO ENABLE THEM TO CONTINUE THEIR QUEST FOR EARTH...



...BUT THE WRECKAGE OF THEIR LITTLE FIGHTERS REMAIN, SCATTERED ACROSS THE PLANET, WAITING TO BE FOUND...



FOOLS! I CREATED MY OWN SUB-LIGHT-SPEED CRAFT. WITH THE WRECKAGE OF THESE WIPES, WHO KNOWS WHAT I MAY ACCOMPLISH.



BATTLESTAR BULLETINS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP

575 Madison Avenue

New York, New York 10022

LOUISE JONES
EDITOR
DANNY FINGEROTH
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Al and Mary Jo,

Let's talk about BATTLESTAR GALACTICA. While I enjoyed issues #4-7 a great deal (sorry, didn't like the artwork on the first three), the last two issues, "Shuttle Diplomacy!" and "Space Mimic!", were awful. Part of the problem was Bill Mantlo. I like him on THE MICRONAUTS and IRON MAN, but on BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, he's too serious and too preachy. I mean, hey, why does comic book science fiction always have to have these soppy moralistic messages at the end? If I want a sermon, I'll go to Sunday School. The guy writes well enough. He's just too heavy-handed. Lighten up, Bill. Roger McKenzie always tempered his stories with large doses of humor, so why don't you take a cue from him? (By the way, when's Roger returning?)

The other thing I didn't much care for about these issues was Sal Buscema, though he did a better job than I expected. Again, Sal is great on THE INCREDIBLE HULK, but science fiction isn't exactly his strong point. I feel science fiction should have a much more modern and stylized approach, like Walt Simonson has here, or Carmine Infantino has on STAR WARS. Sal has a real action punch in his work, but science fiction doesn't always require that.

Anyway, enough with the complaints. Overall, I think you're doing a great job, and Bill's issues were only poor in comparison to Roger's (in comparison to practically anything else, they were great). The only other thing I can think of to say is — BRING BACK ROGER MCKENZIE AND WALT SIMONSON.

John Lydon
129 Harper Road
New Lisbon, WI

As you may have noticed, John, Roger has returned... but all too briefly, alas! #16 marks his last issue as regular Battlestar scripter. Swamped by the demands of writing DAREDEVIL and the startlingly sinister TOMB OF DRACULA, Roger has decided to jump ship.

But fear not, Galactica fanatics. Steve Grant will be scripting a scintillating two-parter beginning with the exciting APES & ESSENCE in BATTLESTAR GALACTICA #17. After that, have we got a scripting surprise for you!

Wild and Woolly Walt is back, however, for good — we hope! Stay tuned!

Dear Tom, Pat, Ed, Pablo, John, Ben, Al and Jim,

Boring! Boring! Boring! I'm referring, of course, to BATTLESTAR GALACTICA #10. Tom DeFalco should be sent back to where he came from, meaning your Distinguished Competition. The story read like an issue of JIMMY OLSEN, and the art stunk. At least up until page five, the people looked like human beings, but, after that... Al — you're a good artist! Why don't you teach Pat Broderick how to draw? It was almost impossible to follow who was who from panel to panel.

You have to do something to put this book back on the track. In the last three issues, you have had two flashback stories and one where the Galacticians meet what was essentially a space vampire. Frankly, this isn't the sort of fare I'd like to see in this comic. You don't see STAR WARS falling back on such clichés as vampires and evil aliens who turn out to be benevolent. Maybe it's because they have Archie Goodwin, who knows how to be original. I want stories that are exciting, characters that are interesting, and writers and artists who are above ordinary. Get on the stick! And get Commander Adama out of the memory machine. (Why not have the living planet eat the thing while you're at it?)

Charlie Grennan
San Diego, CA 92107

Hmmm... sorry you've been so disappointed by BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, Charlie. How does the Scavenger World series sit with you? If it's more to your taste, tell us — and, if not, give us a better idea of what you'd like to see. We're only here to give you what you want. hear?

Dear Marvel,

Thank you for BATTLESTAR GALACTICA #11. I like the idea of Starbuck as a general, but how does he plan to lure

the Cylons into a trap? Also, on page 14, the cards Starbuck and the aliens are playing with are colored green. Then, on page 19, they are green with a white border. What happened?

By the way, will Sheba (from the TV show) ever reach the pages of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA? And whatever happened to Boxey and Muffey?

Troy A. Haag
413-B Stryker Village
Ft. Campbell, KY 42223

Boxey and Muffey are still around, Troy, as you know if you saw last issue. As for Sheba, we don't know yet if she's coming aboard or not. The cards, by the way, are easy to explain. Since the game on page 19 was not the same hand as on page 14 (you'll notice that, in the latter, Starbuck had accumulated a sizable pile of chips), the deck they were using on the later page was a new deck, with different markings.

Dear Roger and Wait,

It's about time that shameless Starbuck has finally met his match in fearless and crafty Eurayle, the red-haired tigress queen of Scavengerworld. And I'm glad she's abducted him. If she hadn't, then I certainly would have!

Several questions:

1) How is it that Athena is a lieutenant now, and Boomer is just a flight sergeant?

2) Can't find posters of Dirk Benedict and Richard Hatch anywhere. Do you know where I could send away for some?

3) Could I have Dirk Benedict's address where I can write him?

Mandy Wilson
5811 Rippey St.
Pittsburgh, PA 15206

3) We'd love to give you Dirk's address, Mandy, but we don't have it. We would suggest, though, that you write him c/o BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, NBC-TV, 445 Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. The letter should reach him.

2) Likewise, we have no addresses of any dealers carrying GALACTICA merchandise, but the show's production company, reachable at the above address, may be able to provide you with that information.

And, finally:

1) Just lucky, we guess.

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